

# The Musical World

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## NOTICE.

Our Subscribers will be presented in No. 52 with an ORIGINAL SONG, composed expressly for this Journal by HOWARD GLOVER; Words by Shelley.

## THE BONDMAN.

*The Bondman* is Mr. Balfe's best work. There is in it what serves other purposes than those merely commercial. It conciliates the severe judgment of the few, no less than the easy approval of the many. While it abounds in that kind of melody most readily understood, it is equally rich in delicate points of art which gratify a refined taste. In many instances the two qualities are so artfully united that the musician and the man of the crowd find themselves hand in hand, pronouncing a favourable verdict, without either being able to give a precise reason for the faith that is in him. This, after all, if not the highest, is one of the highest objects in art. An opera is written for the world; it should therefore contain elements for the world's appreciation; not that art should be sacrificed at the shrine of popularity—no such doctrine is insinuated. On the contrary, it is the province of an artist to teach while he delights the people, to elevate their ideas while he gratifies their senses. But this must be effected by gentle means, for the deepest secrets of art are not to be lightly revealed. When, therefore, a composer of such extended popularity as Mr. Balfe betrays indications of a wish to address his hearers from a higher sphere than was his wont, while employing the same language in which his eloquence has been unfolded to them of old, it cannot but be hailed as a good sign by those whose love of art is sincere, and who would fain make friends in all quarters. Of this number we profess to be, and the influence we possess has been ever used in advancing the policy it upholds.

After the lengthened articles that have appeared in the daily press, it is hardly necessary for us to enter into much detail about the circumstances that attended the production of Mr. Balfe's new opera at Drury Lane Theatre on Friday, the 11th inst. Its entire success was briefly recorded in our dramatic intelligence of last week, and the care and splendour with which it has been placed upon the stage by the management of the theatre were duly recorded and acknowledged. It remains to say, that the libretto of *The Bondman* is a very close translation of Dumas's three act comedy, *Le Chevalier de St. Georges*, which in its turn is founded on the main incidents of a novel by that very immoral and very clever French author, Charles de Bernard. Mr. Bunn has been happy in turning the most striking positions of the drama into musical situations, and his general translation of the dialogue is spirited and natural. The little part of the Chevalier's valet has been felicitously transmogrified into a comic part (Malapropos), of which it is enough to say that Mr. Harley plays

it, to prove how well it is played, and with what unctuous humour it is hyperbolised into significance by the irresistible drollery of this old and excellent favourite of the public. The fault of the book is the superabundance of unmusical dialogue, an invariable drawback to operatic interest. In an opera the music should be the sole exponent; it will not bear a rivalizing medium of attraction, and where there is much dialogue and much music, one or both is sure to suffer. Another fault is the extreme length of some of the concerted pieces, of which the duet in the third act is an example. The musical arrangement of this, while it shows the facility and resources of Mr. Balfe, proves beyond confutation that no musician, however prodigally gifted, can make a connected and well proportioned composition out of an unwieldy mass of lyrical materials. Thus, though the situation is one of the most intense in the opera, and one which ought, of course, to be represented in music, the composer's version of it is the least musical, and least musically interesting portion of his score. Setting aside these defects, it would be impossible not to award great praise to the English version of *Le Chevalier de St. Georges*, which is full of bustle and fun, and much more dramatic than the majority of vehicles for theatrical music.

As Mr. Balfe's music will doubtless be transmitted to us for review, we shall here make shift with a rapid survey of the different *morceaux* of the opera, and a word or two as to their individual merits as they occur. The overture is chiefly to be praised for the brilliancy of its orchestration. Like most modern overtures, it is a medley of subjects from the opera. The opening is original, if not canonical. The *allegro in G* begins with a phrase in the minor, which is not without passion. In short, all the *motivi* are good, but there are more than enough of them to make a development of any of them possible, which will account for the fragmentary and capricious character of the entire prelude. In the execution, with the exception of the clumsy manner in which the brass instruments introduced the third subject of the *allegro*, there was little fault to find. As well as the Drury Lane band can play anything, so well was it played, but alas! the flower of our orchestras is engaged at promenade concerts, while our theatres and concert-rooms are left to make the best they can of the remnant. It is a sober truth that you shall hear a quadrille, or a waltz, or a polka better performed in England at all times than a symphony, an opera, or an oratorio! But Mr. Balfe is not interested in this digression—yes, on second thoughts, he is, for the power is vested in him and others in his position to insist on the purification and remodelling of that orchestra on which so much of their artistic reputation naturally hangs.

The curtain once up and Mr. Balfe is in his element. Like Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and others, he holds overtures in small

esteem, and would strike them out altogether if Custom would permit. But Custom wont permit, and so we have overtures composed and scratched out a *rebrousse poil*. The introductory chorus of *The Bondman*, "The Chase, the Chase," is in E major; the first phrase is healthy and fresh, the second phrase in the relative minor contrasts well with its precursor, the *reprise* is as it should be, and the whole, voicing, orchestration and all, is thoroughly musician like. We have never been more pleased with so brief a composition. It was moreover, excellently sung, Mr. Tully having trained the choristers most admirably. The ballad in E flat, for Madme. Corinne, (Miss Romer), "Child of the Sun," is a bit of real melody, that will pleasantly torment the ear for many a day until it shall have found a quiet nook in the memory to repose in, now and then to get up and awaken thoughts of pleasant times gone by, with the enchantment of its song. Its employment in the opera is highly artistic. Miss Romer sings it originally as a melody of early days, and Mr. Harrison sings it in the second act as a reminder. The preparatory cadence to each verse is very pretty and soothing, falling in to the quiet turn, like a moonbeam on the bosom of an undisturbed lake. We prefer on the whole Mr. Harrison's version to that of Miss Romer's, but the public like both and encore both; so that we hear the song four times every evening, a capital way of impressing it distinctly on the popular ear. The air and duet, "On Zephyr's wings," for the Marquis de Vernon and Count Floreville (Mr. Weiss and Mr. Rafter), in A flat, shines especially in the comic portions, which carries out a pet theory of ours that Mr. Balfe should, by reason of his temperament, be one of the greatest modern stars of the *Opera Comique*. The entry of Ardenford, the hero (Mr. Harrison), is signalled by a capital chorus in B flat, "Were it not that folly," which has an air of grandiloquence singularly appropriate, is varied by a solo in the relative minor, "O let me be that lover," and is followed by a *reprise* of the first subject. This was sung with due effect by Mr. Harrison and the other characters, and being encored, the solo and *reprise* were given again with increased effect. A long piece of concerted music in A, illustrative of the scene in which the hero astonishes Jaloux, the landlord (Mr. S. Jones), by his dexterity in hitting a mark with a pistol, is one of the best developed and most admirable pieces in the opera, full of the *vis comica* which *The Times* justly proclaims to be the forte of the composer. Messrs. Harrison, Rafter, and S. Jones were the principal vocal exponents of this scene and acquitted themselves well, the latter proving himself a valuable adjunct in the interpretation of concerted music. The ballad, in A flat, "They say there is some distant land," is an appeal to "the gods," who on this occasion were not strong enough to gain a peaceable repetition of the point of the opera which especially appealed to their godships. The ballad, it is true, was repeated, but during the *reprise*, poor Mr. Harrison, who sinned unknowingly, was entertained with a continuous volley of hisses and "No! No's." We pitied him, but sympathised more with the sibillant pittites than with the clamorous inhabitants of the upper regions. The boxes and the slips took no part in the discussion. The ballad in question is written in a style that has now become so familiar to the public as to induce a feeling the most exactly opposite to respect. In justice, however, to Mr. Balfe we think it proper to state that this ballad occupies the place in his opera of another previously composed, very different in character, and far superior in all respects, of which we have seen the MS. score. A duettino for Mr. Harrison and Miss Romer, "There is an instinct in the heart," which is also in

A flat, has a *motivo* less original than pleasing, and is remarkable in its progress for a pretty effect in the accompaniment produced by a peculiar use of the lower tones of the clarinet. The finale to the first act though short, is vigorous and spirited. After a long *crescendo* on the dominant, a second hunting chorus, "Sound, sound, and let the horn proclaim," is introduced in the key of D, which is quite as striking and joyous as the first, and is instrumented with equal brilliancy. The effect of the horns in the first couplet is characteristic and charming, and in the second the original subject is cleverly varied by a florid passage for the violins.

Previous to the curtain drawing up for the second act the orchestra executes a short *entr'acte*, in which the *motivo* of the ballad of Corinne, "Child of the sun," is introduced in the original key with a pleasant variety of instrumentation. An air for the Marquis in G, "There is nothing so perplexing," splendidly sung by Weiss and encored with enthusiasm, is written after the best manner of the old Italians—Cimarosa, Piccini, Paesello, &c.—and is one of the most admirable pieces in the entire opera. It is exceedingly bold and animated, excellently fitted to the character of Mr. Weiss's superb voice, and instrumented with masterly completeness. Another gem follows this, viz:—a ballad in E major for Miss Romer, "It is not form, it is not face," of which it is not easy to say whether the melody or the orchestration is the more charming; this also was encored, although the effect produced by the song immediately preceding it had nothing like subsided. A long duet in D major, for Miss Romer and Mr. Harrison, embodying the mutual recognition of the lovers, and the presentation of Ardenford's freedom, by Corinne, is a very elaborate and ingenious composition, in which some of the *motivi* from the overture occur in their proper places, and with far better effect. There are many beauties in this duet which we would fain specialise had we time and space, but our limits being circumscribed we must be satisfied with the mere acknowledgment of the impression it produced on the audience no less than on ourselves. The great variety of *motivi*, necessitated, perhaps, by the unusual length of the verses, is skilfully relieved by the coloring imparted to them from the orchestra, the resources of which Mr. Balfe has employed unsparingly, though judiciously. The vocalists exerted themselves with such energy as to elicit repeated marks of approval. A *morceau d'ensemble* follows, which commences with a pretty chorus in C major, the subject of which has already appeared in the overture. Those who remember the *Chevalier de St. Georges* cannot have forgotten the interesting scene of the music party, where the Chevalier profits by the absence of his rival, whom he has inveigled into the trap laid for himself by that rival's father, and has had conveyed to the *bastille* in his place. They will also recollect that the scene ends with the discovery of the Chevalier's origin by the instrumentality of his own servant (Mal-a-propos in Mr. Bunn's version), and the publication thereof to all assembled by his enraged rival, when having liberated himself from the Bastille, he returns and find his place occupied by the man who has served him the trick. The signing of the contract of marriage, rendered impossible by the superior attractions of the Chevalier, and the obstinate refusal of the lady, is also a prominent incident in this scene. All this is musically embodied in two pieces, the *morceau d'ensemble* we have mentioned, and the grand finale—grand without any exaggeration of epithet. The *morceau d'ensemble* includes a delicious romance in G, for Corinne, which is introduced somewhat in the manner of the bolero duet in



Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, and has in the bargain a slight flavor of the barcarole in *Fra Diavolo*, which is by no means disagreeable. The Tyrolian refrain and the quaint introduction of the chord of the minor third in the *coda* enhances the piquancy of this fanciful trifle. There is besides in this *morceau* a very pretty fresh quadrille tune in C, some passages of *remplissage* quite Rossinian, and for the climax the *reprise* of the opening choral movement in C. The whole of this is written with sparkling elegance and musician-like completeness of detail. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the opera is the finale which follows this *morceau*, with the intervention of a considerable quantity of dialogue. The opening is a movement in E major remarkable for an orchestral accompaniment of the utmost grace. This gives way to a transition into E flat, employed for the purpose (we presume) of introducing the ballad, "Child of the Sun," in its original key, thus offering a poetical apology for so violent a shock to tonality, or the balance of *pitch*. Subsequently a series of modulations brings us back to E minor, in which key is introduced a masterly slow movement for the principal singers and the chorus wherein a melody of great tenderness is wrought up to the utmost intensity of musical interest. After this some more dialogue music, in which the progress of the scene is developed, leads to a brilliant and magnificent *stretta*, in E major, for all the singers, chorus, and full orchestra, which climaxes the whole with irresistible effect. We may safely assert that this *finale* is the grandest piece of music that has up to the present moment appeared under the popular name of Balfe. The execution was really admirable, considering the hasty manner in which the opera was produced, and all concerned are deserving of hearty and almost unqualified praise.

The third act is greatly inferior to the other two. It is prefaced by another *entr'acte* for the orchestra in which the subject of an unaccompanied quartet, afterwards employed, is fragmentarily introduced, with sundry modifications of instrumental treatment by no means ineffective. A romance in F major, "Go memory go," which was sung with feeling by Miss Romer, the first vocal piece in this act, promises greater things than are accomplished in its development. The melody is perfectly graceful, and the accompaniment is harmonized with an elegance and finish that would remind the hearer of the luscious exuberance of Spohr, but for the sentimental D flat introduced, for tenors and violoncellos, in the cadence. Though the simplicity of its outlines places this song in no higher category than the ballad, it is certainly the most beautiful in the opera, and highly creditable to the composer as a musician. The instrumentation, though unaffected, is very finished, the horn and the wood instruments being employed with great felicity, the former in the symphony, the latter in imparting variety to the second couplet. The finale begins with a duet in F, "For me great Heavens," for Mr. Harrison and Romer, which though it contains some beautiful points (especially the episode in B flat minor), and is well instrumented, is too light for the expression of the words. This leads to a very lengthy and rather prolix duet, commencing in B flat, which involves a vast quantity of desultory phrases, not always in good keeping with the situation (*ex. gr.* the subject in D flat for the tenor, which is in the trifling manner of the Verdi-ites, who are comic when they should be serious, and *vice versa*), and has little merit in any part of it, if we except the *coda*, which is animated and Rossinian. However, justice must be awarded to Mr. Harrison, who evokes thunders of applause in his rebuke to his father (a poetical passage which is a reply to Mr. Bunn's detractors), and

to Mr. Weiss, who acts away in a style of earnestness hitherto unknown to him. Another hunting chorus in E flat, "Through wood and through forest," is a delicious relief to this dreary business, in which Mr. Balfe's musical wings are fairly clutched in a gripe of devouring verses, and inspires the opera with fresh life. It is vigorous and dramatic, and is only marred by an unnecessary transition into G flat, which has no other end than that of ineffectively retarding the climax. A quantity of dialogued recitative of no great interest leads to an unaccompanied quartet for the four male voices, "There is a destiny which leads," which though well sung produced less effect than might have been anticipated. As a composition, though a trifle, it is remarkable for the skilfulness of the voicing, and the purity of the harmony. Some further dialoguing brings us to the last finale, a quintet for the principals in E major, relieved by a *tu-vendrai-ish* kind of aria in the dominant, for Miss Romer. The subject of the quintet is original, fresh and exhilarating, and the whole is a good substitute for the hack-nied *rondo finale* of the modern Italians. To conclude, though it offers some startling beauties, this act is so inferior in merit to the others as to lead us to the conviction that it was written in haste to be ready for a certain date, a sacrifice of their reputations to the demands of speculation too often made by our unhappy composers. Mr. Balfe, it must be owned, however, stands too high in public opinion to render any such sacrifice on his part either advisable or necessary. His operas have only to be written, and the public voice will insist upon their representation. There is no excuse for him, then, on the score of hasty writing—he has no business to be in a hurry, and when he errs, on himself alone should rest the blame. However, all drawbacks allowed for, and *The Bondman* is still undoubtedly Mr. Balfe's *chef d'œuvre*.

In respect to the manner in which it has been put upon the stage there is much to praise and something to find fault with. Mr. Harrison for instance, who personates one who in his day was the pink of fashion and the pearl of *salons*, appeared without the powdered hair inseparable from the costume of those times, and though at least a mulatto, according to the drama, comes upon the stage with a face only shadowed by the slightest tint of brown? Moreover, Mr. Weiss was so attired that he looked more like a henchman than a nobleman, and contrasted absurdly with the well-dressed figures of his guests. And then, though the choristers were in unusual good training (thanks to Mr. Tully, the band, in spite of all the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Hughes, could in no way come up to the desirable perfection—*faute de moyens*). Surely a manager of the indomitable spirit and enterprise of Mr. Bunn might find means of remedying this defect, so censurable and so hurtful in a theatre consecrated exclusively to opera. As for the singers they did all and more than could have been expected of them. Mr. Weiss's improvement is daily more remarkable, and Mr. Harrison never in our recollection acted or sung so well. Miss Romer's conceptions are beyond her means of realising, but she invariably works hard, and does her best for any opera in which she may be concerned—a great point for the composer. Mr. Rafter bids well to arrive at a fair position amongst our vocalists. He is attentive, always perfect, and, better than all, has a voice of charming quality, for which time and study may effect wonders. In two little parts, Miss Isaacs and Mr. S. Jones did everything that was practicable, and must not be overlooked because that everything was limited. Mr. Harley was the essence of drollery, and kept the house in a roar whenever he opened his mouth. His appearance among the vocalists was as something that had dropped from the clouds, so unlike

their acting was his acting. Nevertheless he was a trump card for the opera. Something more might have been done in the scenic department, especially in the second act. The scenery was good certainly, but as certainly it was not new. However the music pleased us, and that was the main point. It pleased the public too, who encored more pieces than we have specified, and called for Balfe at the end with acclamations. All the singers preceded him in response to the call, although we were too hard of hearing to distinguish any of their names in the clamorous vociferations of the much-pleased public. Among the audience we observed almost every musical character of note, amateur, professional, and critical, in the metropolis.

Since its production *The Bondman* has been performed every night. Mr. Balfe conducted on the first night, but, for some reason unexplained, the baton was assumed by Signor Schira on the second and subsequent nights, and most satisfactorily did this accomplished director perform the duty assigned to him. He appeared to know the score as thoroughly as though it had been his own. The reason of Mr. Balfe's secession after the first night has given rise to much discussion. We are only at liberty to state that Mr. Lumley was not the opposing cause, having accorded Mr. Balfe his written permission to direct the orchestra on the three first nights of his opera. No doubt, however, *The Sunday Times*, which seems to know everything that takes place behind the scenes of our theatres, will explain the whole matter to its readers in its next number.

#### MADAME BISHOP.

It has been formally announced in *The Era Weekly Newspaper*, of Sunday last, that Mr. Lumley has engaged Madame Anna Bishop for Her Majesty's Theatre, during the approaching season. Without being able to certify to the above report, our impression is, that there is every likelihood of our fair and talented countrywoman being retained for the Italian Opera in the Haymarket. The opera spoken of for her debut on the Italian boards, is the *Fidanzata Corsa* of Pacini, in which she is to appear with Fraschini, the celebrated Neapolitan tenor, so great a favorite at the San Carlos. Madame Bishop and Fraschini performed in Pacini's opera at Naples in 1844, and created a *furore*, and Mr. Lumley, like a true general of stage tactics, has determined to provide a London audience with the same talent in the same opera that caused so great a sensation at Naples. Madame Bishop will most certainly prove an invaluable addition to the corps of Her Majesty's Theatre. Her real merits and genius will then have the fullest scope. She will no longer have to leave all to art, and nothing to her natural acquirements. She will have full range to exhibit the perfection of her executive powers, the purity of her *cantabile* singing, her exquisite method, and style, and, from the kind of music she will have to interpret, be able to afford the greatest proofs of her high dramatic capabilities. As an *artist*, Madame Bishop has won all her triumphs on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre: as a *vocalist* she has not yet been heard. The operas she has appeared in, and the language in which she has been compelled to sing, foreign to her from long want of practice, though an Englishwoman, must have materially militated against her, being used for many years to indulge in the flowing strains of Italian song, and to interpret them in that language—

"Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
And sounds, as if it should be writ on satin."

We repeat that Madame Bishop, notwithstanding her un-

precedented success at Drury Lane, has yet to be appreciated as a vocalist. At Her Majesty's Theatre she will be heard to the greatest possible advantage, and we have no doubt that one of the most politic acts of Mr. Lumley's management will prove to be the engaging of Madame Anna Bishop for the Italian Opera.

#### MERCURIUS.

From a correspondent at Lincoln.

Understand rightly the manner of existence of Mercurius. The word *mer* is the first strong tart harsh attraction, for in that it jars from the harshness, and you understand that word (*mer*) expressed by the tongue you understand also that the bitter sting, or prickle is in it, for the word *mer* is harsh and trembling, and every word is formed, or framed from its power or virtue, whatsoever the power or virtue does or suffers; you understand that the word *cu* is the cutting or unquietness of the sting or prickle, which makes that the harshness is not at peace, but heaves and rises up, for that syllable presses forth with the virtue from the heart out of the mouth. It is done thus also in the virtue, or power of the *Prima Materia* in the spirit, but the syllable *cu* having so strong a pressure from the heart, and yet is so presently snatched up by the syllable *ri*, and the whole understanding is changed into it, this signifies and is the bitter prickly wheel in the generating, which vexes and whirls itself as swiftly as a thought. The syllable *us* is the swift fire-flash, that the *Materia* kindles in the fierce whirling between the harshness and the bitterness in the swift wheel, when you may very plainly understand in the word, how the harshness is terrified and how the power or virtue in the word sinks down or falls back upon the heart; and becomes very feeble and thin. Yet the sting or prickle with the whirling wheel continues in the flash, and goes forth through the teeth out of the mouth, where then the spirit hisses like a fire in its kindling, and returning back again strengthens itself in the word.

#### MUSICIANS AND THE PRESS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir.—I composed the following letter with the intention of forwarding it to one of the great morning papers—but on reflection I came to the conclusion that there would be no chance of its being inserted. If it be not too lengthy for your columns, and you find it worth your notice, I shall feel flattered by your publishing it in your next number—if not, pray leave it for me at the office, and I shall try its fate elsewhere.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, M.

P.S. I enclose my card.

To the Editor of

Sir,—Though but a humble member of the musical profession, I trust that you will pardon a minute's intrusion on your time, the being for all the world, not for particular classes, and musicians forming a very considerable item in the population of this country. The French have thirteen papers exclusively musical in Paris alone, and all the great papers have a *feuilleton* weekly on musical matters, and yet the French are not a more musical people than the English, who have only one musical journal for all the empire, and whose great organs of public opinion have, till recently, bestowed but small attention on subjects of musical interest. The British musician has no advocate in the British press, and yet he forms a part of the community, pays his taxes, direct and indirect, and helps the general civilization of society by the popularization of a beautiful and humanizing art. Why should music be destitute of that which is so necessary to the other arts and sciences—a literature? Why should the drama find a hundred tongues to speak, a hundred pens to write its praises, while music has not one? Is the study of music one which requires, in a smaller ratio, the application of



intellect and thought! On the contrary, to be a great musician demands the most prodigious gifts that heaven can bestow. While there is no art more lovely, there is no science more divine and true. Where music is cultivated with most success is in the country of philosophy and poetry in Germany. Can this be denied? In Germany there is a musical paper in every little town; and the musician, no less than the politician, and the man of letters, can find amusement and instruction over his breakfast table on the subject nearest to his heart—dearest to his sympathies—on the subject which lends his ideas of the beautiful a form and an expression. But here, in this mighty country, where one newspaper makes as much as twelve of the German prints, the poor musician may look long in vain over a table piled with journals for one about that art which is the mistress of his soul. It is true there are writers whose province it is to notice musical performances, and who notice them as they occur—but how? Alas! for the most part, they seldom utter a word, they seldom convey an idea that finds a response in the mind of the musician, who throws down his paper in disgust, sick at heart to find his art degraded and misunderstood by that mighty press which aways the destinies of the mightiest empire; that the history of empires can notify, and which, were the rights of classes properly considered, should represent and advocate the interests of musicians with as much fervour and integrity as that of any other part of the great commonwealth.

Sir, are we not human? Is it because we play a fiddle, or compose an opera, honestly to earn our daily bread, and contribute our mite to the common weal—is it for this that we are to be sifted out of the great body of society as chaff from a load of wheat? We are, nevertheless, a strong and populous class—perhaps a twelfth of the whole community. Suppose we were to come to the determination to live apart from the rest of society, could society do without us? I much query if it could—nay, I will go further, I am certain it could not. What argument, then, is there for throwing us aside like so much useless lumber?

Another reason is this. The great popular source of recreation is Music. Can you then, Sir, a philosophic thinker, as you must needs be to conduct so ably a stupendous publication like the *Times*, can you, Sir, be blind to the enormous importance that attaches to its influence being rightly exercised? Is not mental food equally worth considering as bodily? All the world drinks water—how necessarily, then, that water shall be good; and it is beneath no statesman to busy himself about its quality, lest the public be poisoned by deleterious liquid. All the world hears music, but the mere sensation of hearing is not the sum of its influence. The memory retains it—the taste is formed by what the memory cherishes; is it not, then, imperative that the taste shall be guided by wise instructors, that it be not vulgar and debasing? The object of music is not to gratify sensually but to delight intellectually, and thereby to elevate the morality, and purify the mind of the hearer. I could write volumes, but as I have some hope you will publish my latter, I will not intrude unwarrantably on your space. It is merely my wish to impress upon you the fact, that a very large class of the British community is almost neglected by the Press, whose object should be to represent the interests of all classes.

Ere concluding, I must beg you to believe that I have watched with delight the recent evidences of altered feeling towards us. The great journals seem at last to be impressed with a notion that we are somebody, and our art of some consequence. Men of enthusiasm, if not of acquirement and taste, are now employed in most of them, and a new musical work of importance is no longer dismissed in a short paragraph as an accident, or as a toad found in a stone. Still, there is much to be effected; and you, Sir, whose musical criticisms are not only written with ability and candour, but are scholarly and sensible, treating the matter with a full comprehension of its meaning, might set the example, and win the gratitude of thousands of your readers.

Offering many apologies for this intrusion, I beg leave, Sir, to subscribe myself with respect, your servant and admirer,

A MUSICIAN, WHO CAN READ AND WRITE.

[The truth of these observations cannot be contested; nothing we could add would strengthen the argument; we therefore leave it to the consideration of those whom it immediately concerns, and reckon on the thanks of our readers for introducing them to so philosophical a thinker and so admirable a writer. In conclusion we shall be delighted to secure our correspondent, if it suits his views, as a regular contributor to the "Musical World."—Ed.]

Mr. Wilson continues his Series of Scotch Entertainments at Crosby Hall. He gave a Concert at Croydon, one day during the week, which, we have been informed, was immensely successful.

## MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Hotel des Princes, Dec. 10.

DEAR — I promised to write you an account of whatever musical events of interest should occur in this part of the world; but, truth to say, up to the present moment there has been nothing to tell you. The opera in the *Place de la Monnaie* has been going on in its own jog-trot way; but there must be something more than ordinarily attractive to take me there of an evening, although I am so close at hand that I can see all the visitors go in, without travelling further than my bedroom window, which commands a view of the *Place*, and the Theatre in the midst. Unless there be some novelty I am far more inclined to idle away a couple of hours in one of the *Cafés*, where one can chat with Jules de Glimes, or read the *feuilletons* of Jules Janin the great, Theophile Gauthier the little, and Fiorentino the middling, in the *Debats*, the *Presse*, and the *Constitutionnel*. By the way, did you read the *feuilleton* of Janin on the Algerine melo-drama of Gauthier? How charmingly ironical! Janin himself never more thoroughly flayed an unfortunate devil of an author, under the cloak of seeming praise. It was bread and honey to me. Affecting to hold Janin in contempt, as a critic who has existed for ten years on the substance of a solitary phrase, Gauthier is after all nothing better than one of his imitators; and if Janin has lived upon one phrase, his rival has lived upon no phrase at all. Perhaps of the two, therefore, Gauthier may be the cleverer man, since to make much out of nothing is a harder task than to make much out of little.

Brussels is delightful just at this particular epoch. It is a little Paris, a microcosm of the great microcosm, a homunculus of the *Démogorgon*, but like it to a feature. We have already plunged into the ocean of music here. The *Conservatoire* has tolled the bell for the concert season to begin, and Fétis has waved his baton over the finest orchestra in the country. The first concert took place in the large room of the *Grande Harmonie*, in which the performances of the military orchestra, under Charles Hanssens, are held. By Charles Hanssens I mean, not the opera director, but his nephew, the best musician in Belgium. The room was filled to the walls—the most noted musicians forming part of the audience. The orchestra of the *Conservatoire* is first-rate. It has not the impetuosity of the London Philharmonic, but in precision, finish, and equality of effect (every performer being a proficient) it is far superior. Then the conducting of Fétis by long custom has become familiar, and the good effects of the system of one conductor, which ought to be adopted in every theatre as well as every concert room, are too palpable to admit a doubt of its efficacy. The fact is that no orchestra in the world can do itself justice under the direction of several conductors. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is an adage that holds truer in this particular instance than, perhaps, in any other. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* was capitally executed; but I missed the *clash* which distinguishes its performance in England. Indeed Weber's overtures are of that large and energetic character that fits admirably the peculiarity of our English instrumentalists, who in head-long attack and sustained energy are unrivalled. Had they but the discipline of the Continental orchestras they would yield to none of them in excellence. The overture to Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* was played here for the first time. It has been known in England many years, though England is the unmusical nation *par excellence* (unmusical, perhaps, because it prefers the immortal inspirations of the

greatest masters to the light frivolities of the Italians and French) and if you talk, even to a Belgian, of English music, he will smile incredulously, and only for fear of insulting you will hold his tongue about the matter. The other orchestral piece was the Jupiter symphony of Mozart, which was capitally played. M. Blaes, performer at the *Conservatoire*, performed a clarinet fantasia, the composition of M. Joseph Batta, brother of the violoncellist, and a Belgian, in first-rate style. In tone M. Blaes has no living rival, and few can equal him in execution. Altogether he is, perhaps the first of all *virtuosi* on the clarinet. The vocal part of the concert was mediocre. The singers were Madlle. Fusnot, who gave an air from the *Muette* of Auber, and M. Jonghman, who introduced a song from Donizetti's *Favorite*.

Since this, a concert of even greater interest has occurred. An association similar to your Royal Society of Musicians has been formed at Brussels, under the title of *Association des artistes Musiciens*. The end of this society is to afford pensions to the members after a certain number of years' service. After fifteen years the pension is to be 600, after thirty years 1200 francs. The number of members is limited to one hundred and fifty, each paying an annual contribution of 12 francs. Four concerts will be given for the benefit of the Society in the winter of every year, ten per cent. from the profits of which will be added to the funds, and the rest distributed among such of the members as form part of the orchestra. Altogether the scheme appears highly problematical, and the pensions as highly chimerical. The affair has been ill designed and cannot succeed at all without voluntary contributions from without. The first concert, however, owing to a peculiar attraction, drew a vast audience to the *Salle de la Grande Harmonie*, which was accorded gratis for the occasion. The attraction I mean was the celebrated pianist, Madame Pleyel, who, with the liberal spirit which has always prompted her to answer the appeals of benevolence, accorded her invaluable aid to the advancement of the interest of the society. The orchestral part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the overtures to Weber's *Euryanthe* and Cherubini's *Lodoiskz*. Though the band has not the discipline of that of the *Conservatoire*, it has immense energy and *abandon*, and I was much pleased with the execution of these fine works. The vocalists were Madlle. Vandenhoute and M. Wartel. The former has a pretty voice, but nothing more. The latter, who is well known in Paris, gained much applause by his interpretation of some of the popular melodies of Schubert. But of course the great feature of the concert was the performance of Madame Pleyel. The piece selected for her was the *Concert-stuck*, in F, of Weber, which she played magnificently. The audience were literally transported, and the showers of bouquets, at the end, from all parts of the room, literally covered the esplanade and buried the feet of the piano. Madame Pleyel has only to play to win every sympathy, but even she, the queen of a hundred triumphs, must have been pleased with this her latest victory over the hearts and heads of her crowd of hearers. I am glad to tell you that the charming pianist is looking as well in health as her best friends could desire. Indeed I do not recollect ever to have seen her to more advantage. But Madame Pleyel knows so well the advantage of a simple *mise*, and no splendor of attire ever produced the effect achieved by the simplicity of manner with which she has the art of setting off a face and figure that of themselves are enough to set a whole city by the ears. I hear that Madame Pleyel intends visiting Paris this year, where she will doubtless give a series of concerts, and, as she did before, *ecrase* the world of pianists,

who compared with her, shine only as the lesser lights by the side of the full refulgent moon. Doubtless all Paris will be curious to hear her, after her triumphs in *Perfide Albion*, who knew how to appreciate her so well.

There is little more for me to tell you. Thalberg is expected here shortly; he intends traversing Belgium and giving concerts in the principal towns—Jiege, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Ostend, Tirlemont, Namours, Mans, Louvain, Malines, &c. &c., and, last not least, Brussels. The benefit of the popular singer Couderc, at the *Theatre de la Monnaie* was visited by a disturbance owing to the indisposition of M. Matthieu, who was to have appeared in *Otello*. That opera was consequently changed for three acts of Auber's *Lac des Fées*, and to quell the riot that occurred the money was returned to the malcontents. The disappointment I experienced was not so much the loss of M. Matthieu's *Otello*, as of Massol's *Iago*. We have not half enough of that excellent barytone. Madlle. Jullien was to have been the *Desdemona*, and a pretty coarse one as you may imagine. Couderc was as usual received with enthusiasm in *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, two acts of which delicious opera commenced the entertainments of the evening. We have not so much of M. Laborde now, the screaming first tenor, which is a great relief to frequenters of the opera. Levasseur, who has been singing at Antwerp, has treated with the management here for several performances. He has already played Marcel in the *Huguenots*, and *Robert* and *La Juive* will follow immediately. I need hardly say that neither in voice nor in style is Levasseur the Levasseur of old; yet enough of the great artist remains to please all real connoisseurs. At the *Theatre du Parc*, the charming Madlle. Anais Farzueil is announced for several performances very shortly, after which she will go to London to fulfill her engagement with Mr. Mitchell. Now I have emptied my budget—so good bye. Why have you not printed the account I sent you of the September Fetes?

Yours, H. H.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

We have unfortunately been prevented from bestowing the attention to the last two *soirées* of this excellent society which their importance demands, and even now we can but cite the programme. The selection at the third *soirée* was as follows:—

Otello, in C minor, two oboes, two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, Messrs. Nicholson, G. Horton, Lazarus, Key, Jarrett, Hawker, Keating, and Johnstone. Mozart's Duet, "The Return," Miss A. Hill (her first appearance at these concerts) and Miss H. Groom—H. Brinley Richards. Song, "Beating heart, what stirs within thee," Mr. Wrighton—Beethoven. Scotch Ballad, "The Clyde softly flowing," Miss A. Hill—A. Mitchell. Trio, in F (MS.), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. C. E. Stephens, Edward W. Thomas, (his first appearance at these concerts), and Lucas—Charles E. Stephens. —(First time of performance.) Canzonet, "She wept, when last we parted," Miss H. Groom—Walter C. Macfarren. Quartet, in E flat (Op. 12), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Edward W. Thomas, Watson, Hill, and Lucas—Mendelssohn. Song, "The Fri King's Kiss," (MS.) Mr. Ferrari; composed expressly for him by J. Benedict. Quintet, in C minor (MS.), pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Westrop, Edward W. Thomas, Watson, Hill, and Lucas—Henry Westrop. Trio, "Turn on, old Time," Miss H. Groom, Mr. Wrighton, and Mr. Ferrari (*Maritana*)—W. Vincent Wallace. The vocal music accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. H. Brinley Richards. Director for the evening, Mr. C. E. Horsley.

The trio of Mr. Stephens was the novelty of this programme. It is an exceedingly clever work, and shows how fast its young composer is progressing towards excellence. A word of praise for Mr. Benedict's spirited song; another for Mr. Westrop's splendid quintet; and a last for the fine



playing of Mr. E. W. Thomas, in Mendelssohn's beautiful quartet (an early work) of which the *int-mezzo* was encored, must be the sum of our remarks. The selection at the fourth *soirée* was as follows:—

Grand Trio, in F. No. 2, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Messrs. H. Brintley Richards, E. W. Thomas, and Lucas—*Spohr*. Canzonet, "If that high world," (MS.) Miss P. A. Robinson (her first appearance at these concerts)—*C. E. Stephens*. Song (MS.), "The winter it is past," Miss Bassano—*Kate Loder*. Sonata, in G. pianoforte and violoncello (MS.), Mrs. Reinagle (late Miss Orger) and Mr. Lucas—*Caroline Reinagle*.—(First time of performance.) Duetto, "Anna, tu plangi," Miss Bassano and Mr. Bodda (his first appearance at these concerts)—*Rossini*. Quartet, in B flat (MS.), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Watson, Hill, and Lucas—*C. E. Horsley*. Song, "As mines of countless treasure," Miss Bassano—*G. A. Macfarren*.—The poetry imitated from the German of Heine by G. Macfarren. Song, "Believe me, honest friends," Mr. Bodda. (*Night Dancers*).—*E. J. Loder*. Quartet, in C. No. 6, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Watson, Hill, and Lucas—*Mozart*. The vocal music accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. R. Barnett. Director for the evening, Mr. Gattie.

We would fain dilate upon the very beautiful quartet of Mr. Charles Horsley, in our opinion the most finished production of his pen, but occasion is perverse, and we must be content to record that it was admirably performed by Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Watson, Hill, and Lucas, and received with the warm approval due to its great merits. The sonata of Mrs. Reinagle (late Miss Orger), played to perfection by the composer and Mr. Lucas, is also a composition of remarkable merit, and deserves more than the line we can afford to give it. Nor can we pass without regret the fine performance of Spohr's beautiful trio in F, by Mr. Brintley Richards (who first introduced it at these concerts), Messrs. Thomas and Lucas—or the clever little song of clever little Kate Loder, or the lovely canzonet of Macfarren, both sung by Miss Bassano so well and so feelingly—or the spirited song from Loder's popular opera of the *Night Dancers*, by Mr. Bodda, or the magnificent quartet of Mozart, so superbly executed by the same four artists—but we are bound hand and foot by circumstances, and must yield with the best grace we can. At the next *soirée*, however, we promise to take our revenge, and satiate our readers with the records of British musical exploits. Will our kind friends forgive our present unwilling coldness. They must know, by experience, it is not our fault, but rather our mishap, that holds our pen spell-bound, till the next occasion.

## THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 639.)

### PART — CHAPTER IX.

The birthday had arrived and all was ready, that is to say, the whole wall which enclosed and elevated the village-road towards the water, and the road by the church which, for a long time, followed the path planned by Charlotte, then wound upwards among the rocks, with the moss cottage to the left above, and then, made a complete turn, leaving it to the left below, thus gradually reaching the heights.

A great number of persons had assembled on this day. They went to the church where they found the whole congregation in holiday attire. After divine service, the children, lads and men went first, according to arrangement; then came the proprietors with their visitors and suite; and the girls, maidens and married women closed the procession.

On the turn of the road was an elevated place in the rocks, where the Captain made Charlotte and the guests pause to rest themselves. Here they overlooked the whole road, with the troop of men who had ascended, and the women who had come after them, and who now passed by. The weather being perfectly fine, it was a most beau-

tiful sight. Charlotte was quite taken by surprise, and deeply affected pressed the Captain's hand with warmth.

They now followed the softly proceeding throng which had already formed a circle about the site of the future house. The owner of the building, and the most distinguished of the guests were invited to descend into the hollow where the foundation stone, supported on one side, lay ready to be let down. A well dressed builder, with a trowel in one hand, and a hammer in the other, delivered an elegant speech in rhyme, of which we can only give an imperfect imitation in prose.

"Three things," he began, "are to be considered in a building, viz., that it stands on the right spot, that the foundation is well laid, and that it is perfectly carried out. The first of these properly belongs to the proprietor, for as in the city only the prince and the community can determine where a building is to be; so in the country it is the privilege of the lord of the soil to say, 'here and not elsewhere shall my dwelling stand.'"

During the utterance of these words, Edward and Ottilia did not venture to look at each other, although they stood quite close together.

"The third,—the completion is the province of many trades, nay, there are few which do not take part in it. But the second, the foundation, is the affair of the builder, and to speak out plainly the chief concern in the whole affair. It is a solemn business, and our invitation is solemn, for the ceremony is performed below the surface of the earth. Here within this narrow excavated space you do us the honour of appearing as the witnesses of our mysterious vocation. We shall immediately lay down this well-hewn stone, and soon these walls of earth which are now filled with persons of beauty and rank, will no more afford an entrance, but will be filled up.

"This foundation stone, which denotes by its corner the right angle of the building, by its rectangularity the symmetry thereof, and by its position, which is correct both perpendicularly and horizontally, the uprightness and equilibrium of all the walls and partitions, we might lay down without further delay, for it would rest upon its gravity. But we shall nevertheless make use of mortar as a cement, for as men, who by nature are inclined one to another, adhere together still better when cemented by law; so will the stones, which fit together by their shape alone, combine still better, with the aid of this uniting power. Since it will not be becoming to remain idle among the active, you will condescend to be the fellow-labourer on this occasion."

With these words the builder handed over his trowel to Charlotte, who with it spread the mortar under the stone. Several others were requested to do the same, and the stone was thus soon laid. The hammer was then handed to Charlotte and the rest, that by three blows the union of the stone with the ground might receive an express benediction.

"The work of the builder," continued the orator, "though now carried on in the open air, always tends to concealment, if it is not always concealed. The foundation, so regularly constructed is covered with earth, and even the walls, which we raise above ground, at last scarcely awaken a thought of us. The labours of the stone-mason and sculpture are more obvious to the eye, and we must be content, when the plasterer completely obliterates all trace of our hands, and takes to himself the honour of our work, while he covers it over, smoothes it, and colours it."

"Whom then does it more concern than the builder to make what he does right in his own estimation? Who has more cause than he to foster self-consciousness? When the house is completed, the ground is smoothed down and paved over, and the outside is decorated with ornaments, he can look into his work through every veil, and can recognise those careful and regular joinings, to which the whole owes its existence, and its ability to support itself."

"But, as every one, who has committed a misdeed is compelled to fear, that in spite of all his endeavours to hide it, it will come to light, so must he also, who has done good in secret, expect that even against his will, that also will be made manifest. On this account we have made this foundation-stone, so that it will be a memorial-stone likewise. Here in these different compartments are different articles to be placed, as a testimony to remote posterity. These soldered metal cases contain written information on the subject; on these metal plates all sorts of remarkable things

are engraved; in these beautiful glass bottles is put the best old wine, with a note of its age; and there are several descriptions of coins struck in the present year—all these we possess through the liberality of the owner of the building. Many a place is left besides, if any of the guests or spectators would feel willing to consign something to posterity."

After a short pause, the orator looked round, but as usually happens in such cases, no one was prepared, every one was taken by surprise, until at last a spirited young officer made a beginning and said: "It is to give something of a kind, that is not yet to be found in this treasury, I must cut a few buttons from my uniform, which will deserve to be handed down to posterity." This was no sooner said than done, and many of the rest were struck by a similar notion. The ladies made no scruple of putting in their little hair-combs; smelling-bottles and other ornaments were not spared. Otilia alone hesitated, until Edward, kindly addressing her, aroused her from the contemplation of all the things which had been contributed and inserted. She then unfastened from her neck the golden chain by which her father's picture had been suspended, and laid it lightly on the other trinkets. Upon this Edward speedily caused the well-fitting cover to be raised, and cemented in the stone.

The young builder who had been the most active of the party resumed his oratorical air and thus continued:—

"We lay this stone for all future time, as a security for the lasting enjoyment of the present and future owners of this house. But while, as it were, we bury a treasure in this spot, we think at the same time,—while perusing the most solid of all occupations—of the perishable nature of human things. We imagine the possibility, that this firmly-cemented cover may once more be raised, which cannot happen, unless all is thoroughly destroyed, which we have not yet completed.

"But that the work may be completed, bring your thoughts back from the future to the present, let us, after the conclusion of this day's festival, so proceed with our labours that none of those who work upon our foundation may require a holiday, that the building may speedily be raised and finished. Thus from the windows which are yet unmade, may the surrounding country be joyfully surveyed by the master of the house, his guests and all who belong to him, to whose health as well as to that of all present let this be drunk?"

At these words he emptied at a draught, a well-cut goblet and flung it into the air. It is a sign of the abundance of joy, when a vessel, which is used on a happy occasion, is destroyed. This time, however, it happened otherwise for the glass did not again descend to the ground—and no miracle either.

The fact is, that to proceed with the building they had already completely thrown up the earth at the opposite corner,—nay, had already begun to raise the walls, and, for this purpose had erected the scaffolding, as high as was required. It was for the advantage of the workmen that this scaffolding on the occasion of the present solemnity, had been covered with boards, and that a number of spectators were allowed to stand upon it. The glass, flying up, was caught by one of these, who considered the accident a fortunate omen for himself. He showed it round, without allowing it to leave his hand, and the letters E and O\* very elegantly twined together, might be seen engraven upon it. It was one of the glasses which had been made for Edward in his youth.

The scaffolding was again vacant, when the nimblest of the guests climbed upon it to look around them, and found they could not sufficiently praise the lovely prospect which opened on every side. What, indeed, may not a person see, who being already on a high point is raised only a shot higher? Towards the inland country several new villages came in sight, the silver streaks of the river were plainly to be seen—nay, one thought he could even discern the towers of the principal city. On the other side, behind the woody hills, appeared the blue summits of a distant mountain, and the church of the district in the immediate vicinity might be surveyed. "The three ponds," cried one, "should all be

combined into one lake, and then there would be something great and desirable in the character of the prospect."

"That might easily be managed," said the Captain, "for they formed a mountain lake in earlier times."

"I only beg you will spare my groups of planes and poplars, which stand so beautifully by the ponds. Only look," said Edward, turning to Otilia, whom he led some paces forward, while he pointed downwards, "those trees were planted by my own hand."

"How long have they stood?" asked Otilia.

"About as long as you have been in the world," replied Edward. "Yes, my dear child, I planted them when you were yet in your cradle."

The company returned to the castle. After they had partaken of a repast, they were invited to take a walk through the village, that here also they might look at the new plans. There, at the Captain's request, the inhabitants were assembled in front of their houses. They did not stand in rows, but were naturally grouped in family order, some employed according to the requisitions of the evening, and others resting upon new benches. It was with them a pleasing duty to return to this condition of order and cleanliness, at least every Sunday and holiday.

To a close intimacy, fortified by a strong inclination, such as had been formed among our friends, a large party always occasions an unpleasant interruption. All four were glad to find themselves once more assembled in the great room, but the feeling of domestic enjoyment was in some measure disturbed by a letter, which was delivered to Edward, and announced the arrival of new guests on the following day.

"As we suspected," exclaimed Edward to Charlotte, "the Count will not stay away, but is coming to-morrow."

"Then the Baroness is not distant," said Charlotte.

"Certainly not," replied Edward, "she will also come to-morrow, from her own side. They ask for a night's lodging, and on the day after to-morrow will take their departure."

"Then, Otilia, we must make our preparations betimes," said Charlotte.

"How will you have them?" asked Otilia.

Charlotte gave an explanation in general terms, and Otilia withdrew.

The Captain enquired into the position of these persons, which he knew but very generally. In former times, though both were married, they had fallen passionately in love with each other. A double marriage was not to be disturbed without making some noise, and a separation was thought of. With the Baroness this was possible, but with the Count, not. They were forced apparently to separate, but their connection really continued, and if in the winter they could not be at Court together, they made themselves amends by visiting the baths, and taking pleasure excursions during the summer. Both were somewhat older than Edward and Charlotte, and all had been intimate friends during the early days at Court. Afterwards a friendly relation had been preserved, though the conduct of the pair could not meet with perfect approval. It was only on this occasion that their arrival seemed particularly inopportune to Charlotte, who, if she had enquired into the cause, would have found that it was on account of Otilia. This excellent, pure-minded girl should not, so early in life, have such an example before her eyes.

"They might have waited a few days longer," said Edward, when Otilia returned, "and then we should have put in train our sale of the farm. The draft is ready, and I have one copy here, but we want the other, and the old copyist is ill." Both the Captain and Charlotte offered their services, but were met with objections. "Only give it to me," exclaimed Otilia, somewhat quickly.

"You will not be able to finish it," said Charlotte.

"Why, indeed, I must have it by the day after to-morrow, and there is a great deal of it," remarked Edward.

"It shall be done," again cried Otilia, and the paper was already in her hands.

The next morning, when from an upper story they were looking out for their guests, whom they intended to meet, Edward exclaimed, "Who is that riding so slowly along the road?" The Captain gave a more accurate description of the rider's figure. "Then it is he," said Edward, "for the details, which you see

\* It will be remembered that Edward's name was also Otto, which is signified only by the second initial. But "O" also stands for Otilia, and it is obviously intended as a sort of fatality, that her initial is combined with Edward's.  
Translator.



—better than I, agree very well with my general view. It is Mittler—but what can make him ride so very slowly?"

The figure approached—and was Mittler, indeed. They received him kindly, as he ascended the steps. "Why did you not come yesterday?" cried Edward.

"I am not fond of noisy festivals," replied he, "and therefore I came to-day to celebrate in peace the birth-day of my friend Charlotte."

"How can you get so much time?" asked Edward, bantering him. "For my visit," answered he, "if it is worth anything, you are indebted to a reflection which I made yesterday. I had spent half the day most delightfully in a house, where I had made peace, when I heard of the celebration of the birth-day here. Then I thought to myself, folks may at last consider you selfish, friend Mittler, if you can only enjoy yourself with those among whom you have made peace. Why don't you sometimes take your pleasure with those friends among whom peace is always preserved? No sooner said than done. Here I am, as I proposed?"

"Yesterday you would have found a large party, but to-day you will only find a small one," said Charlotte. You will find the Count and the Baroness, who have already given you something to do."

From the midst of the few persons who had surrounded this strange, but welcome man, he darted with an air of strong vexation, and looked for his hat and riding belt. "There is always an unlucky star hovering over me, whenever I want to rest and do myself good! But, after all, why do I depart from my usual character? I should not have come, and now I am driven away. With these people I will not remain under the same roof—and take this warning from me: they will bring you nothing but mischief! Their nature is like yeast, which always spreads its infection."

They sought to pacify him, but in vain; "Whoever interferes with marriage," he exclaimed, "whoever, in word or deed undermines this foundation of all moral society, has me to deal with, for if I cannot be his master, I have no dealings with him. Marriage is the beginning and summit of all civilization. It makes the savage gentle, and the cultivated man has no better means for the display of his gentleness. Marriage must be indissoluble, for it brings so much happiness, that no single case of unhappiness must be allowed to weigh against it. And after all, what is this same unhappiness? It is no more than impatience, of which a man has a fit from time to time, and then takes it into his head to find himself miserable. Let the moment once pass, and people will find reason to congratulate themselves that what has lasted so long, is lasting still. For separation, there can be no sufficient reason. The position of man both in joy and sorrow is so high that it is impossible to calculate what a married pair are to each other. The debt is an infinite one, and can only be discharged by eternity. That it is often inconvenient, I grant, and quite right too. Are we not also married to our conscience, and would we not often get rid of it most willingly, because it is more inconvenient than any man could be—or woman either?"

Thus he spoke with the greatest animation, and thus he would have continued to speak, had not the sound of post-horns announced the arrival of the visitors who, as had been concerted, entered the court-yard from opposite sides at precisely the same time. When the residents of the castle hastened to meet them, Mittler concealed himself, had his horse brought to the inn, and then rode off in an ill humour.

(To be continued.)

To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

#### LA DAMNATION DE FAUST.

(From "La Presse Musicale.")

An important musical fête occurred on Sunday morning, the 7th instant, at the Opera Comique. The *Damnation de Faust* of Hector Berlioz was executed on that occasion. The public interest, and public curiosity were excited in a most lively manner, by the name of the composer and the subject of the work to be interpreted. All the connoisseurs

and amateurs of art in Paris were assembled. We were anxious to learn how the author, who, in his dramatic symphony of *Romeo and Juliet*, had realised the embodiment of Shakspeare in so faithful a manner, as almost to amount to inspiration, would treat the subtle and metaphysical subject of Goethe's *Faust*: how, after illustrating so happily the purest, most youthful, and most ardent of Italian loves, he would depicture in music the sombre passions and diabolical remorse of the sensual *Savant* of Germany. To speak truly, we had little fear for the result. As an author, in whom the highest poetical temperament was amalgamated with the most rigid appreciation of art and the finest sensibility, we felt every confidence in the powers of Mons. Hector Berlioz. The poetic sentiment, above all, is a flame which infuses itself into all things. M. Berlioz is devoured with this sacred flame. At two o'clock precisely a numerous and efficient band of musicians entered the orchestra; all was soon prepared. The chorus, male and female, awaited in silence the entrance of the director. Installed on the stage, like regal oaks of the forest, were seen Messieurs Roger, Hermann-Leon, Henry, and Madame Dufot Maillard. At length Mons. Hector Berlioz entered the orchestra, and stood like an Achilles, holding his baton in his hand in place of a javelin. The signal was given, and on a sudden the vast hall and every anxious bosom were filled with sounds of melody. The introduction produced on the assembly that impression which each successive work of Mons. Berlioz has not failed in effecting. The theatre resounded with tumultuous applauses. Though this prefatory composition might in some respects be considered conflicting and disorganised, the musician must perceive beneath the stormy waves a current of deep thought and science. We cannot enlarge upon the excellencies of each *morceau* of this musical legend, in which there are, perhaps, more notes and bars than in *Guillaume Tell*, or in the *Huguenots*; but while under the influence of our profound emotions, we shall take leave to cite, disregarding all order save that of our liveliest recollections, the *Hungarian March*, the chief characteristic of which, is nationality, and which, in quite another class, might hold successful rivalry with the *Marche des Pelerins*; the exhilarating freshness of the descriptive music of *Faust's* promenade in the country, together with the sparkling *rondo des Paysans*, which follows and forms so striking a contrast with the preceding *morceau*; the celebration of the Orgies in the cave of Leipsick; the spiritual *chanson* of the Rat and the Flea; the dream of *Faust*, so pure after his mad licentiousness during the day, and the delicious chorus of Gnomes and of Sylphes, a vocal rival of the instrumental *Scherzo* of the *Reine Mab*. In addition to all these *morceaux* for singing, which are interwoven like threads of harmony, and the numerous orchestral fragments, which exhibit the great intellectuality of the poet, treasures of originality and instrumentation may be discovered throughout this work. The *morceau* which produced the greatest effect, is the air of *Faust* while regarding the bûche of Marguerite. All the tumults of a passionate heart reveal themselves in this splendid song. The melodies of M. Berlioz, precisely because they are the elaborations of deep thought, are not always instantaneously understood, but they will endure long and will find their way to the heart, when more fickle strains have passed away for ever.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Crowds are pouring into Drury Lane nightly to hear Balfe's new opera. The music of *The Baudman* decidedly improves on repetition. Balfe has raised his

reputation immensely among musicians. We have no doubt the opera will prove as popular as the *Bohemian Girl*—it could not prove more popular. In consequence of a *fracas* that occurred in the Theatre on Friday night between certain parties, over which, for various reasons, we are compelled to throw a veil, Signor Schira occupied the post of conductor, *vice* Balfe, on Saturday, and has continued to direct the orchestra during the present week. We were at Drury Lane on Saturday, and can bear evidence to the admirable manner in which M. Schira conducted the Band, though totally unprepared, and called upon at a moment's notice. This proves M. Schira to be an excellent musician, as well as a practiced master in wielding the baton over an orchestra. The *Wags of Wapping* is played every night. Mademoiselle Sophie Fuoco's engagement concludes on the 23rd inst. Her popularity increases with every performance, and seldom was public favor more gracefully won or more richly merited than by this charming dancer. The houses have been crowded.

**HAYMARKET.**—The new one act drama called the "Story-Telling," postponed last week in consequence of Mr. Farren's illness, was produced on Wednesday. We scarcely know what to think of it, or even what to call it. It has not fun enough for a farce, length enough for a comedy, piquancy enough for a comedieta, music enough for a burletta, nonsense enough for a burlesque, or incident enough for a melo-drame. Notwithstanding all these exceptions, we can assure the reader that "Story-telling" is neither a tragedy, nor a pantomime; which he will readily believe when we inform him that Farren, Buckstone, Rogers, Mrs. Humby, and Miss Telbin performed therein. In fact "Story-Telling" is a perfect nondescript. It has decided merit, but the quality is rather vague. We have no doubt, the materials, dramatically employed to little purpose, would have served for the embodiment of a magazine story, and coming from the pen of Miss Camilla Toulmin, or Mrs. Gore, would have elicited the approbation of all readers. But 'tis time to say what "Story-Telling" is, not what it is not. Farren is a retired Doctor addicted to botany and public benevolence. He is about to marry his ward. He opens his gardens daily to all in common, whereupon a certain Lieutenant comes and steals away the heart of the young betrothed. Buckstone is a drummer, and Mrs. Humby is an *ancilla*, or hand-maiden to the young betrothed, and between them they endeavour to cheat the old guardian out of his young wife. But Mrs. Humby is more to blame than Miss Telbin, who repents in good time to save herself from the reproaches of her guardian, who all this while had been merely proving the genuineness of his ward's heart, as he had been cognisant of the amour between her and her lover, and had already taken steps to advance their union. The lovers are happily surprised in the end, and the Story-Teller, Mademoiselle la Soubrette, *alias* Mrs. Humby, receives poetical justice, being refused by the drummer, to whom she offered her hand. The piece is neatly written; but being sadly devoid of incident, or interest, cannot hope to survive.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—*Les Trois Crispins* has been repeated. The critic of the *Times*, who appears to be profoundly versed in the French, as in all other dramatic literatures, renders the following interesting account of the facts on which M. Samson has founded his elegant one-act Comedy, which is composed in verse, and was first produced in Paris, in December 1845:—

"The invention of this character of 'Crispin' is attributed to Raymond Poisson, who, in the time of Louis XVI., distinguished himself at Paris, both as an author and a comic actor, and was honoured with the special favour of the 'Grand Monarque.' Some have said that the huge boots in which Crispin is invariably attired, were adopted by Raymond Poisson to conceal the thinness of his legs; but there is another theory, which

assigns this article of the costume to the fact that, in his youth, the streets of Paris were very imperfectly paved, and that servants were therefore obliged to go about with their legs thus protected from the mud. Paul, the son of Raymond Poisson, succeeded his father in the same line of character, and became, in his turn, the parent of Arnould Poisson, who still kept up the dignity of the family as a "Crispin." Paul, at first thinking that his son Arnould was totally devoid of those talents which are requisite for the theatre, made him a lieutenant of infantry. Arnould, however, became disgusted with the service, and attached himself to some provincial troops of comedians. Having thus, as he thought, perfected himself in the "Crispin" business, he came to Paris in 1722, and endeavoured, unknown to his father, to obtain an *ordre de début*. The Duc d'Aumont endeavoured to forward the views of Arnould, but a violent opposition was offered by Paul, who alleged that the indifferent talent of his son would sully the honoured name of Poisson. A private performance, which Paul consented to witness, at length convinced him of his error. Arnould, in his presence, acted *Sois*, in Molière's *Amphitryon*, and Paul was so delighted with him, that he threw himself on his neck, embraced him with tears of joy, and offered himself to superintend the *début* of a son who promised to be of such an ornament to his family. Arnould proved worthy of his name, and, after supporting the "Crispin" for several years, died in 1753, aged about 58."

M. Samson has chosen out of these materials that period of time when the youngest of the three Poissons has arrived in Paris from the provinces, up to the epoch of his triumphant *debut* at the *Theatre Francais*. In the words of the admirable writer we have already cited,—"The circumstances of his reconciliation with his father are altered from those furnished by history. Paul having learned that another Crispin is to be substituted for himself in the performance of a comedy, rushes to the theatre, and finds that the intruder is his son. He is so delighted with his performance, that he darts on the stage and embraces him in the sight of the audience. This incident, it should be observed, is heard of, not seen, for the whole action of the drama passes in the residence of the Poisson family. Something of a plot is created by the contrivance of Arnould to evade the pursuit of his provincial director, with whom he has broken his engagement, and whom he deceives by assuming a stutter, and thus passing off for another person. A pretty cousin named Marianne, with whom he is in love, is also introduced to give additional dramatic interest: but the gist of the whole piece is the part of Raymond, the grandfather Poisson, whom the author has sketched with a very fine perception of character. The old man has turned devotee, and looks back with regret to his theatrical occupations, both as an author and as an actor; but directly a remark is made that touches his vanity, the devotee vanishes, and the spirit of the old artist revives. He detects the name of one Delarose (really Arnould, who has played under this appellation in the provinces), because he hears he has dared to appear as Crispin, but his wrath is softened when he learns that the presumptuous unknown had a great predilection for his comedies, and preferred them to those of Molière. This is his especially weak point, for he candidly avows—

"Pour Molière, en un mot, sans en dire de mal,  
Je ne partage point l'engouement général."

Perlet was inimitable in the character of Raymond, and Mdle. Brohan, in the small part of Marianne, proved herself, as usual, the exquisitely finished, accomplished, and experienced artist. The comedy was well received, though there were evidently some who either did not admire, or (which is more probable) could not understand it—but, as the same writer remarks, "it is a quiet piece that will not strike those who require a number of risible situations, but it will charm all who can appreciate a forcible, yet delicate delineation of character, and will consent to take an interest in the traditions of the old French theatre." Owing to the indisposition of Mdle. Brohan, her benefit, which was



announced for Wednesday, was deferred till yesterday, when the charming actress was to appear with Perlet, in Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton*. There was no performance on Wednesday. We shall report the proceedings of last night in our next.

## SONNET.

NO. XIII.

Say that thou lovest me,—and if thou fearest  
To trust that gentle secret to thy lips  
Which thy dear heart as its own treasure keeps,  
Of all the nestled thoughts it harbours—nearest;  
Speak with thine eyes, whenever thou appearest,  
With one of those bright sunny looks, that steep  
The soul as in some soft enchanted sleep  
In which the dreams are all of thee, my dearest.  
Thy features, love, I have so learn'd to read  
That in the smiles and blushes which they wear  
Characters of deep import I can note,  
Telling as in a book, that's fair indeed,  
The secret movements of a soul more fair,  
And not one tells me that I am forgot.

N. D.

## REVIEWS ON BOOKS.

"*The Legal Practitioner, and Solicitors' Monthly Journal*,"  
No. I. R. HASTINGS.

This publication has for its intention the full and explicit statement of the pure practice of the law, in all its forms and bearings. It attempts not to enter into exposition, or disquisition; it presumes not upon the office of a jurisconsult; it sets forth in plain terms all passing law events; and lays down in an abstract form the various statutes, enactments, and current cases in the Courts of Law, together with the judicial decisions thereupon. Its aim is purely practical. The journal is divided into two portions, each differently pagged, so as they may be bound up separately, thus affording the purchaser the option of separating into distinct volumes the essays on Common Law, Equity, Criminal Law Practice, and Cases of Bankruptcy. The first number of the work promises exceedingly well. The recent statutes, comprising, *The Small Debts' Act*, *Criminal Law, Bail on Error*, *Poor Laws' irremovability*, and others, are explained in a most lucid and simple manner, and are introduced to the reader in as concise a form as a legal enactment is capable of being expounded in. *The Legal Practitioner* is a work, we are well assured, which has long been a desideratum in the profession, and which if continued, must eventually prove the *vade mecum* of the law student. The size is octavo, the letter-press excellent, and the entire management of the magazine is evidently in the hands of one who both legally and literarily is master of his work. In the preface, most modestly penned, a request is made, that no conclusion should be formed upon the merits of the work until after the third, or fourth number shall have appeared. We do not hesitate to say that the first number of "*The Law Practitioner*," in every respect, bears upon its pages the evidences of sterling merit.

## REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*Lily of Lorraine*," Words by MRS. CRAWFORD; Music by RICARDO LINTER. D'ALMAINE & Co.

Irish songs are nearly gone out of fashion. Mr. Crouch's ballads, Mr. Lover's ballads, Mr. Clement White's ballads, and many other ballads, written after the so-called Irish style, have inundated music-sellers' shops for the last five or six years, and a reaction is the natural consequence. Still Irish music will ever have a certain prestige for those who love plaintive and expressive strains, and if all this class of ballads

be not meritorious, there are many, doubtless, which are deserving more than the existence of a season. Mr. Ricardo Linter's ballad is not at all Irish—it is, however, exceedingly pretty, with a simple, natural melody, and composed with a happy regard to the meaning, if not the nationality, of the words. Mrs. Crawford's words, as in all her songs, are written with grace and unpretending sentiment. The frontispiece of "*The Lily of Lorraine*" is a very splendid picture, illuminated in gold and bright colours.

"*Grand Fantaisie, et variations Brillantes, sur des Airs Nationaux Américains*," composed for the pianoforte, By HENRI HERZ. D'ALMAINE & Co.

A very splendid and effective morceau for the piano. The airs introduced are not the common ballads and Yankee tunes of concert rooms, and street organs. The American march following the introduction is very spirited, and is capably adapted by the composer. There is much ingenuity displayed in the last movement, in the manner of arranging this march for the left hand, while a different air is played with the right. The Fantaisie is altogether one of the best of the great pianists' we have seen for a long time.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

DUSSEK.—A few more anecdotes respecting Dussek will close our memoir of that illustrious composer; and they will, we have no doubt, prove acceptable to most of our readers. It is well known that Dussek had the greatest regard for J. B. Cramer; and PARTICULARLY for his immortal "*Stadio*," and the three grand sonatas, op. 29, dedicated to him by J. E. C.; but he was attached to the man, as well as to the composer. One day, in Paris, he found out that his pupil, Miss Charlotte de Talleyrand, was somewhat like J. B. Cramer; and he even asked his nephew, Pio Cianchetti, whether he was not of the same opinion. The reply was in the affirmative. Miss Charlotte, then, addressing the pianoforte instructor, exclaimed, "Oh! then you are personally acquainted with Cramer?" "What?" answered Dussek, "my dear friend, John Cramer!" His look, in pronouncing these words, cannot be described. Indeed, his smile was quite as irresistible, as Napoleon's is said to have been by Sir Walter Scott, his excellent biographer. It is well known, also, that at one of J. B. Cramer's annual concerts, (a year or two previous to Dussek's departure for the continent,) he was sadly disappointed of a certain celebrated harpist's assistance, who was to have figured away with him in a new MS. duett, for the harp and the pianoforte (by-the-by, one of Cramer's best compositions, dedicated to Miss Langdon). This and "*contretemps*" occurred quite at the eleventh hour; but when Dussek heard of it, he immediately offered, if that could be any consolation to the composer, to take the harp part and play it on the pianoforte. As a matter of course, J. B. Cramer accepted this very friendly, and at the same time most useful, offer with open arms; and so Dussek and Cramer appeared for the first time in public, in a grand duett for two piano-fortes, instead of the harp and the pianoforte; and though two piano-fortes cannot have the effect of a good harp and a good piano-forte, yet it will be readily believed that no one in the room complained on the occasion; such was the merit of the two exquisite performers—both of them, indeed, SINGERS on their instrument! This can be said of very few performers of the present day! To astonish with "*tours de force*," is not sufficient to please—to touch the heart—"Ay, there's the rub!" and the same performer may do both—please and astonish. Clementi did so in his day. Let HIS example be followed. Dussek was also somewhat partial to Steibelt; of course, he could not entertain the same regard for him as for a Clementi, a Cramer, a Weiff, or a Louis Adam; but he certainly thought him a man of great genius; and, as a performer, very expressive and brilliant at the same time. Handel and the Bachs (Emanuel, as well as the great John Sebastian) were, however, Dussek's prime favorites; and he made his nephew, Pio Cianchetti, practice those matchless fugues of John Sebastian; nor would he rest satisfied until he had learnt a certain number of them by heart. When Dussek returned to Paris in 1807, at his first concert at the "*Théâtre de L'Odéon*," he performed his sixth concerto in F., (the one dedicated to Mrs. Hyde), and was, "*and voce*," encored in the sparkling rondo. It was remarked by the best judges of the art, how quick he played his slow movements, (yet not too quick,)

and how slow his quick movements, (yet not too slow); in fact, he found out the proper medium; and was always distinct and truly brilliant—it was impossible not to understand what he was playing; and, in consequence, his auditory was always pleased, delighted, and even enraptured with the performer, as well as with the composer. Thalberg (certainly a competent judge) has more than once expressed a wish to have heard him—so DELIGHTED is he, and ever will be, with his compositions, which he declares will live for ever: Cramer, Louis Adam, Kalkbrenner, H. Herz, &c., &c., are exactly of the same opinion.

PIO CIANCHETTINI.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

6, Gloucester Place, New Road, Dec. 16, 1846.

SIR,—In an article in the "Musical World," of last Saturday, alluding to Madame Bishop's farewell at Drury Lane, on the Thursday previous, are the following remarks:—"We were sorry to find Mr. King substituted for Mr. Harrison on Thursday night. So badly did he sing the music that he was obliged to apologize to the audience for his incapacity. If anything could have marred Madame Bishop's great success, it would have been singing with a tenor, who either from want of power, or want of study could not interpret the music." Now, sir, it is evident that we were not present on the said occasion, or that we wilfully misrepresented facts; the latter I don't hesitate to say I believe to be true, and from motives, which tho' the public may not be so well acquainted with, I thoroughly understand and duly appreciate. The real facts of the case were simply these,—call'd on unexpectedly to play the part of "Jules," and being desirous of not embarrassing Madame Bishop, I devoted the whole of the time I had for study to perfecting myself in that portion of the music wherein she was concern'd with me. How I succeeded in that endeavour—let the applause which the audience were pleased to bestow on the trio in the first act, "My bosom with hope," and the duett, "And do these arms," in the second, testify. I made no apology to the audience for singing badly; but certainly ask'd their indulgence for NOT SINGING AT ALL the song in the 1st act; they being clamorous to have it sung, (a proof I hold a better place in their estimation than in either yours, or your conscientious critic's) and as this occur'd before Madame Bishop appeared on the stage, it could not by any possibility have tended to mar her success. Probably on such an emergency arising again, I may, however, take a hint from your criticism, and study that first in which I am only concern'd; and leave the part, music, and that which is essential to the action of the opera to take care of itself. If I may venture an observation, I think it would allow better taste in a journalist (a musical journalist) to make every allowance for an artist (however humble his talent) on so trying an occasion, that of playing a difficult operatic part, without any rehearsal what-so-ever, than endeavour to cast a slur on his professional reputation by giving publicity to gross falsehood. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

DONALD W. KING.

[We insert this letter to show that we have no wish to do injustice to Mr. King, although the style in which it is written is not exactly the sort of thing to be expected from an artist in his position. We were not present at the last appearance of Madame Bishop; but on showing Mr. King's letter to the gentleman who wrote the notice which appeared in our columns, he declined to modify the opinions he had advanced, owning at the same time that he might have mistaken the exact words of the apology which Mr. King thought it necessary to make to the audience. The insinuations against our own motives in the insertion of the article, which Mr. King finds it proper to advance, we treat with silent contempt, being wholly unconscious of any prejudice in regard to him, or any other public character.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Lincoln, Dec. 16th, 1846.

SIR,—Really how witty some people are; who would have supposed you, Mr. Editor, to be possessed of so much wit as you have exhibited at the foot of the paragraph sent from here and inserted in your Journal last week; some, who have seen it, entertain great doubts as to whether they will not soon be deprived of your valuable services, there being an old saying used in this part of the country, to the effect that when children show any extraordinary degree of acuteness, "they are too sharp to live." To your modest request, that I would transmit to you the "point of the joke" in postage stamps; or by P. O. order, I would say in the first place, that if you are so green as not to see it without its being pointed out to you, I, having no fancy for learned pigs, or any other learned animals, particularly those of a long ear'd class, do not intend to favor you in the manner you desire; but, in the second place, as you may have been at some little trouble in setting the pen, for I still think it one, in type for such trouble I enclose you the half of a used postage stamp, the other half of which shall be forwarded to you on my hearing of the safe arrival of the first. Should you feel inclined to insert this in

the "World," and to make some remarks thereon at the foot, if as witty as the last, they will be thankfully read and laughed at by yours,

A. SUBACRIVER.

[The half-used postage stamp has reached us; our correspondent has perfectly understood us: we now can estimate the point of the other joke; it was only half a joke. When our correspondent transmits the other half we shall understand the point of the present joke, which is also (we presume) half a joke. Two half jokes that are as old as the hills, represented in monetary value by two halves of a used postage stamp; nothing could be better. The whole is a very stale pun; for which we thank our correspondent. See what it is to reside in the neighbourhood of bogs and fens! The humour of a man get moistened exceedingly.—Ed.]

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia has returned to Paris after an engagement at Berlin of one series of triumphs. Her success, if we accredit the Berlin journals, has exceeded any former triumph of Jenny Lind's. All the musical cognoscenti, as well as the public in general of that city, estimate the sister of Malibran far beyond the Swedish Nightingale, both as a singer and an artist. The part allotted to Gardoni, in *Robert Bruce*, after being submitted to the younger Pouchard, has at last fallen into the hands of Pauline. This artist has much talent and energy, but his voice is very weak. *Robert Bruce* has been again postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Stoltz. It is reported here that Liszt is about to espouse a young Hungarian lady of fortune. We must not attach too much importance to flying rumours. Gardoni has appeared for the first time at the *Italiens*, and performed Nemorino in the *Elisir d'Amore*. He did not sing as well as we have heard him. Ronconi's *Dulcamara* was good, but not great.

MILAN.—Verdi's *Ernani* has been brought out here with some success. Marini's *Sylva* was exceedingly fine, and the tenor Calzolari anything but indifferent in the rôle of Ernani. Madame Steffanone was not well received in *Elvira*. She possesses a sweet voice, and has some dramatic energy, but her art is deficient.

PESTH.—Mademoiselle Cerito gave eight performances last month at the Theatre National of this capital, for which she received 1200 golden ducats (600*l*.)

BERLIN.—The ballet of *Esmeralda* is being got up for Mlle. Cerito, who is expected shortly. The engagement of Pauline Garcia is renewed, and she will re-appear immediately after Christmas. The Berlin folks are mad about her.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME PLEYEL.—Referring to the first concert of the Association of Artists, at Brussels, held on Saturday week last, the *Gazette Musicale*, thus speaks of the celebrated pianist. "The immense hall was crowded to the ceiling, in consequence of the announcement of Madame Pleyel's intended performances. This great artist, who would assuredly be Queen, if there had been a kingdom of the piano, played Weber's concert-stuck. You never could truly know this work, unless you had heard it interpreted by Madame Pleyel, for she has made it her own by the manner in which she colours it, by the exquisite lights and shades, in which she clothes it, by the profound sentiment she breathes into it, and by the brilliancies and prodigalities of execution, which she employs, surpassing all bounds. What applauses, and what bravos, and what a flower-storm of bouquets!!! All the hot-houses of Brussels, and the neighbourhood for leagues round, were put under contributions, to furnish Madame Pleyel with roses, violets, and camellias!

THE CASINO DE VENISE.—A new home of Musical Entertainment opened for the first time, under the above title,



at the former locale of the Great National Baths, 218, High Holborn. We were hindered from attending on the said evening by duties from which we could not escape; but in our next number we intend, after visiting the Casino, to give a full and true account of all its proceedings &c. Meanwhile it suffices to say that the establishment is under the direction of Mr. Gratian Cooke to guarantee its excellence and propriety.

**CONCERT.**—The Greenwich and Blackheath Amateur Musical Society gave a Concert at the Railway station Concert-room, last week, before a numerous audience, the vocalists were Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, and Mr. Lockey. The instrumentalists Mr. Sterndale Bennett, (piano-forte) Mr. Key, (Cornet di Bassetto) and Mr. Clinton, (flute.) The Amateur members of the society, formed a most efficient orchestra and executed with great precision Haydn's "grand symphony in D. No. 2." Spohr's "overture in D major (Op 15.)" Rossini's overture "La Cenerentola" and Winter's overture to "Tamerlane." Sterndale Bennett played in a masterly manner Hummel's well known and admired Rondo "Le retour à Londres," and afterwards, in conjunction with Mr. Clinton, Kuhlman's duet concertante in A minor, Op 85., for piano-forte and flute (No. 7. of Wessel and Co's. edition of Kuhlman's works) in a style that elicited the greatest admiration. Mr. Clinton (one of our best flautists) ably acquitted himself in his portion of the duet and in the beautiful andante, the sweetness and purity of his tone producing a marked effect on the audience. Miss Steele, sang Molique's admired song "If o'er the boundless sky" as usual, in so excellent a manner that an encore was unanimously required. Miss Bassano's fine voice, was heard to great advantage in Mozart's "Non piu di fiori." (The accompaniment of the Cornodi Basso being well sustained by Mr. Key); and in the Ballad of the "Minstrel Boy" she obtained an encore. Mr. Lockey's fine tenor voice told admirably in Mozart's "Il mio tesoro," he afterwards obtained an encore in a song of Nelson's, and joined Miss Steele and Miss Bassano in Curschman's terzetto. "Addio," Mr. Dando was the leader, and Mr. E. Blackshaw, who efficiently presided at the piano-forte. Great credit is due to the Greenwich and Blackheath Amateur Musical Society, for the progress they have made in their execution of the works of the great masters, and for the general excellence of the programmes of their public concerts.

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—A Concert was given at these rooms on Thursday evening, under the Management of a Committee of Amateurs who with great spirit secured the services of several eminent English artists. The programme exhibited the names of Miss Rainforth, Miss Birch, Miss D'Erust, and Miss Dolby,—together with Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. John Parry.—The instrumentalists were Mr. Richardson, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Brinley Richards. The satisfaction of the audience was unanimous, though the crowded state of the rooms must have considerably taxed the patience of some of the visitors. Amongst the encores were Miss Dolby's "aria, Quando il core," and Richards' song, "Oh whisper what thou feelest," which Mr. W. Harrison delivered with great feeling. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Lazarus gave the duet founded on Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark," with such effect as to demand a decided encore. Barnett's scarf trio from the "Mountain Sylph," was sung with expression and care by Miss Rainforth, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. Mr. Brinley Richards performed Herz's brilliant variations on the march in the *Puritani*, with great effect and was loudly applauded. His introduction of "A te o cara," from the same opera, formed an admirable contrast to the variations.

Mr. John Parry was as usual—that is to say he sang and played in his own and everybody else's style. Every one laughed, and every one seemed pleased, and of course everybody demanded a repetition. We must not omit to mention Tully's "song of the Seasons," so admirably interpreted by Miss Rainforth—nor the duet by Weber, "Come be gay," so effectively sung by Miss Birch and Miss Dolby. The whole affair went "off" with great *éclat*, and when the directors reflect that they had been the means of affording to some thousand or more, people, an evening of great enjoyment, they cannot but feel gratified in the consciousness that their enterprise and good taste has been crowned with such signal success. We would make one suggestion, and that is touching the propriety of giving so many pieces in one concert. It is true no one seemed tired—yet as a principle, the enormous length of programmes in general is a decided blunder—both the singer and the composer suffer. The duties of accompanist devolved on Mr. Brinley Richards, who was engaged by the committee as the conductor, and we need scarcely add that in every respect he was fully efficient.

**CROSBY HALL.**—Mr. James Howe and Mr. Frank F. Cuisset, gave a concert at the rooms on Monday evening. The Misses Cubitt, A. and M. Williams; Messrs. Lockey, Bamby, J. Coward, Hill, J. Howe, Hodson, Julian Kench, Hobbs, Guest, Edgar, Lovell Phillips, and Richardson, lent their assistance. The entertainment comprised, the works of native composers with the single exception of a trio of Corelli's. The Concert was conducted by Mr. Turle and went off well.

**MR. ALLCROFT'S** grand Neapolitan *Bal Masque* was held on Wednesday evening at the Lyceum. The theatre was laid out in the usual manner, and was most tastefully decorated and brilliantly illuminated. We have so frequently described the *matquerades* held at Covent Garden, that we should be only repeating ourselves to allude to splendid dresses, fascinating demoiselles, quaint disguises, delicious music, and all the entrancements of such a captivating scene. Nor would the allusion to a crowded and delighted audience be less *'used up.'* Mr. Allcroft provided every requisite for such an entertainment, and the Masked Ball of Wednesday night formed a brilliant *finale* to his promenade Concerts.

**MR. WEIPPERT'S** *soirées dansantes*, held every Monday evening at the Concert Room of the Princess's Theatre, have been highly attractive, and have brought crowds of visitors. Performances by the Distin Family have been lately added as a supplementary entertainment, and tend to enliven the visitors between the dances. We believe Mr. Weippert's *soirées dansantes* are the only public assemblies of the kind in the metropolis. The subscriptions and prices of *entrée* are sufficient to preserve the room in its propriety. The *soirées dansantes* are excellently conducted.

**LEARNED MUSICAL CRITICS.**—Our musical critics are getting so learned that we don't know how to follow them. They will tell us every key in which every piece is written, which is all very clever on their parts; but they sadly perplex us by the odd names they give to things we only know under more familiar titles. They will talk to us of a delicious *scherzo*, a beautiful bit of pedalling for the horn, and a nice phrase of contrapuntism, while they will inform us that there is a luscious passage for the wood, when they mean there is something pretty for flutes, flageolets, or oboes. There are now so many nice divisions of wood, wind, brass, string and steel, that we shall expect to hear next of a fine *moreau* of fugue for the parchment, by which, of course, will be understood the tambourines, *grosses cuisses*, and kettle-drums. We shall hear probably of a lovely bit of scholarly writing for the steel.

in allusion to a few notes given to the triangle. We have no doubt this is all very learned, and we have great respect for learning, but we like the intelligible as well when it is convenient.—*Punch*.

**DION BOURCICAULT.**—A new comedy in five acts, by this distinguished author is accepted at the Haymarket Theatre and will be produced early in next month.

**MISS BASSANO.**—This vocalist is engaged by Mr. Maddox, and will appear at the Princess's Theatre, on the 2nd of January, in *Anna Bolena*.

**PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS.**—Mr. Dempster, the American vocalist, commenced a series of Ballad Soirées on Wednesday at the above rooms. Mr. Dempster is a Scotchman by birth, and has been a resident in the United States for many years. During the greater portion of this time he has been an immense favourite with the Americans, and returned to Europe with a fair reputation as a vocalist of the Henry Russell order. He had acquired a name as a composer, having written several ballads which gained popularity. Thus doubly recommended as composer and vocalist, Mr. Dempster appeared on Wednesday evening for the first time before a London audience. Although in the compositions, or the vocal capabilities of Mr. Dempster, we perceived nothing to justify the extravagant praises of our excitable friends across the Atlantic, we were yet pleased to a certain extent with both. We think, however, there is too much obtrusiveness in having a concert composed almost entirely of the singer's own music. It is monotonous enough to be compelled to listen to one singer throughout a whole evening, but when that one singer indulges his hearers in nothing but his own compositions, it is perfectly intolerable. Of the twelve vocal pieces Mr. Dempster introduced, ten were of his own composition. His two old Scotch ballads were more effective, and considerably better in a musical point of view, than anything else he sung. Mr. Dempster has sufficient merit to ensure success in this country, but he must adopt another course. This is perfectly well meant.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—On Tuesday evening last the *Ethiopian Serenaders* made their re-appearance at this Theatre, and delivered their vocal entertainments before a crowded audience with the greatest effect, after their kind. We say, after their kind, because it is not to be supposed that the vocalized 'Sable Jokes' of these exceedingly clever songsters, could produce an effect corresponding in quality to that which Rachel produces, or Perlet, or Brohan elicits from an audience. No, the *Ethiopian Serenaders* strike their hearers in quite another manner. Their aim is to make their auditors scream everlastingly, and to throw them into ecstatic convulsions of irresistible risibility. The company on Tuesday evening were highly amused. "Old Dan Tucker" and "You'll see them on the Ohio," were uproariously applauded, and enthusiastically encored. The programme was divided into three parts, each part consisting of seven morceaux, and excellently varied with solos, glees, and chorusses. Messrs. Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, and Germon were the principal vocalists, each during the evening being apportioned one or two Ballads. Mr. Harrington gave the favourite song, "Lucy Neal," with quite a comic charm. "Lucy Neal" is a very sweet melody, after its kind, and Mr. Harrington, to all its comedy, added a plaintive expression, which had a demi-semi-taking effect, a sort of pendulum betwixt a smile and tear, as Lord Byron remarked on a dissimilar occasion. The accompaniments used by the *Ethiopian Serenaders*, are, as every one knows—well, as every one knows them, we need not mention them. That which made most noise, and was perhaps least agreeable to *bonos mores*, was the marrow bones—by the way, though, is

not *bonos mores* the Latin for marrow bones?—the accordion was the most captivating, but the most striking was certainly the banjo. A comic duet, with bones and accordion accompaniment was sung with the greatest humour and effect by Messrs. Pell and Stanwood. The entertainment of the evening closed with "The celebrated Railway Overture," performed by the full Company. The *Ethiopian Serenaders* are announced to appear every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday during the Christmas holidays.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. S. B.—We believe that Signor Ciabatta is, at this moment, in Paris.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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\* The following Testimonials have already been received.

Sir,  
I cannot sufficiently thank you for the apparatus which you have been so kind as to present to me for attaching to my violin; I am unable to praise it sufficiently. In my opinion it is a most felicitous invention for violinists; and those who play in public will experience an immense advantage from its use—by the facility which your contrivance imparts to the performer, in maintaining firm hold of his violin and regulating his movements, he must necessarily experience a relief, and free himself from that restraint which he experiences when executing difficult passages. As for myself, I am happy to tell you, that I have never ceased to use it, since you first presented it to me, and that in every respect, I have reason to be delighted with it.

Accept, sir, the assurances of my consideration,  
P. SAINTON.  
London Nov. 23, 1846.

Sir,  
I have the pleasure of acquainting you, that I am entirely a partisan of the new mechanism which you have just invented, to facilitate the holding of the violin. Until now, nothing of any kind had been more simple and more conducive to the best results for all who play this noble instrument. Indeed, sir, the best compliment that I can address to you on this subject is, to tell you that my pupils and myself are all under the greatest obligation to you.

Accept, sir, my sincere regards, and believe me yours very devotedly.  
A. J. TOLBECQUE.  
3, Store Street, Nov. 16, 1846.

DEAR SIR,  
I have to congratulate you on a most simple, useful, and effectual invention for holding the violin, and consider it a great boon to amateurs and professors of that instrument.

I am, yours, obediently,  
HENRY BLAGROVE.  
To J. Stewart, Esq.

Planoforte and Music Repository,  
High Street, Nottingham, December 16th, 1846.

DEAR SIR,  
I am happy to say that your new Violin Holder has by far exceeded my expectations—it being very simple, but particularly useful where there is great execution required. I have no doubt it will be used by professors, as well as amateurs, and I shall have great pleasure in recommending it to my pupils, and shall continue to use it myself.

I remain, sir, yours truly,  
H. FARMER.

DEAR SIR,  
I am happy to testify my approval of the addition you have invented to render the holding of the violin more secure—particularly for beginners—I have not removed that which you attached to my instrument, and consequently have experienced its fully meeting the object for which it is intended.

Dear sir, faithfully yours,  
T. COOKE.

My Dear Sir,  
Allow me to express the high opinion I have of your Violin Holder, and to say, I consider it far superior to any former invention, and, in fact, alike invaluable to the amateur and professor.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
EDWIN HOWE.

23, Portman Street, Portman Square:  
J. Stewart, Esq.

DEAR SIR,  
The Violin Holder that you kindly presented to me, it is the best thing that has been invented, because it does not fall out or interfere with the tone, and it is a very great assistance in playing, principally for the modern music, which requires so much shifting.

I am, very truly,  
C. EMILIANI.

10, Down Street, Piccadilly, (Wednesday.)

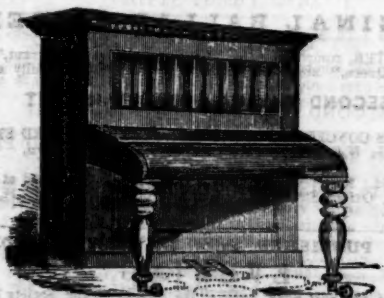
P.S. I will recommend it to all amateurs, principally.

London, December 11th.

MY DEAR SIR,  
A thousand thanks for your kindness in giving me one of your Violin Holders, which I am using constantly. It is, without contradiction, the simplest invention of this kind. Spohr, Bellini, and others, have tried to appropriate some mechanism to the violin, to facilitate the holding of it, but I find your invention much simpler, and coming perfectly up to the mark which you proposed to yourself.

Accept, my dear sir, my respectful regards,  
J. B. NADAUD.

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musical instruments can produce them all with the same degree of perfection, but  
that each maker must excel in the manufacture of one particular instrument; is  
generally allowed; thus—Courtois is celebrated for cornets, Halary for horns and  
trombones, Prowse and Paak for flutes, Huguet for serpentines, Guerre and  
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instrument requires some considerable time to be perfected, it is impossible for  
one maker to furnish every instrument complete, as has been attempted, until M.  
Jullien formed his collection of perfect instruments from the various factories, in  
one single establishment. It is easily understood that the best judge of a par-  
ticular musical instrument must be the person who is most skilled in its use, and  
it is presumed that an artist or amateur would feel more satisfaction in the pos-  
session of an instrument whose qualities had been tested and received the appro-  
bation of one of the most eminent professors of that instrument, than if he had  
selected it according to his own judgment; it is therefore with much gratification  
that M. Jullien announces that each instrument will be strictly examined by the  
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ophicleides, and serpentines by M. Prosper, drums, cymbals, and all other  
percussion instruments by Mr. Godfrey; and after having received their appro-  
bation will be stamped thus—"Approved of by Koenig, or Lazarus, or Richardson,  
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The Exposition will comprise all the musical albums, annuals, almanacs, &c.,  
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chasers can see in the same collection all the various publications that are daily  
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clergymen, singers, actors, public speakers, and all persons subject to relaxed  
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day, feeling myself very fatigued (singing nightly at the Theatre), I took  
several of the Lozenges, and my voice was very clear, and my throat quite  
free from relaxation. I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,

ANNA BISHOP."

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Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications  
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Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Wincheart, Dublin; and all Book-  
sellers.—Saturday, December 19th, 1846.